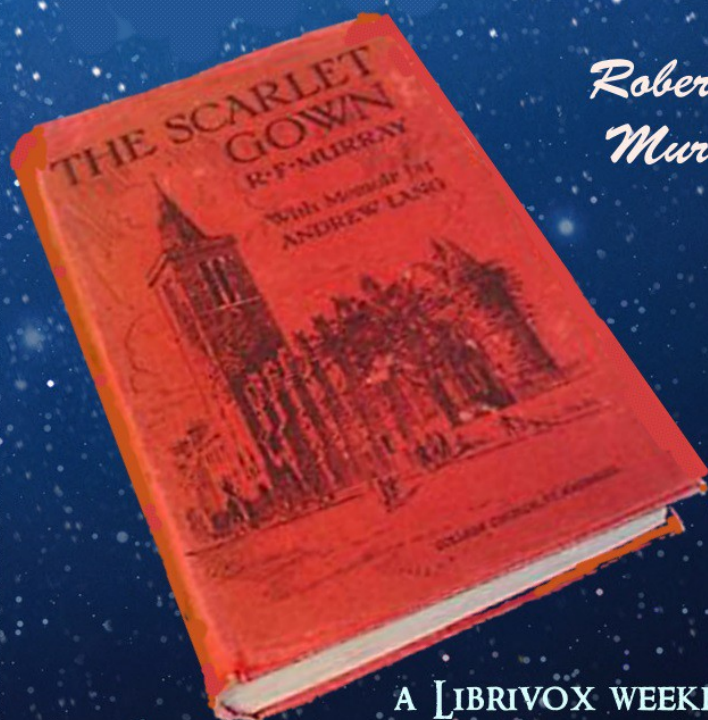


A LATE GOOD NIGHT



*Robert F.
Murray*

A LIBRIVOX WEEKLY POEM

A Late Good Night
Robert F. Murray

Much is written about success and failure in the career of literature, about the reasons which enable one man to reach the front, and another to earn his livelihood, while a third, in appearance as likely as either of them, fails and, perhaps, faints by the way. Mr. R. F. Murray, the author of *The Scarlet Gown*, was among those who do not attain success, in spite of qualities which seem destined to ensure it, and who fall out of the ranks. To him, indeed, success and the rewards of this world, money, and praise, did by no means seem things to be snatched at. To him success meant earning by his pen the very modest sum which sufficed for his wants, and the leisure necessary for serious essays in poetry. Fate denied him even this, in spite of his charming natural endowment of humour, of tenderness, of delight in good letters, and in nature. He died young; he was one of those whose talent matures slowly, and he died before he came into the full possession of his intellectual kingdom. He had the ambition to excel, αἰὲν ἀριστευεῖν, as the Homeric motto of his University runs, and he was on the way to excellence when his health broke down. He lingered for two years and passed away. (introductory MEMOIR by ANDREW LANG to 'ROBERT F. MURRAY (author of the scarlet gown) HIS POEMS'.)

Read by Librivox volunteers . Total running time: 0:14:47

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